

# The Weekly Museum.

Four Cents single.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1798.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum.

No. 33 of Vol. X.]

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## THE PRINCE OF BRITTANY.

[Continued from our last.]

THE Constable, to whom the Prince had given an account of his embassy, in a very circumstantial letter, had retired dissatisfied with the Duke his nephew. He could not forbear, however, to write a letter of expostulation to him on his unnatural conduct to his brother; and while he urged every argument with the dignity of the Constable and the Uncle, he forgot not the respect which was due from the subject to the Sovereign. This letter seemed to make a great impression on the Duke, but Montauban, Hingant, and d'Espinal, soon recovered their wonted sway. They would not appear openly to contradict a nobleman in such high credit as the Count of Richmond, who could not but have a great ascendancy over his Sovereign. It being requisite, therefore, to employ all the arts of cunning, they prevailed upon Francis to write to the Prince, and to command him to repair to court. At the same time, they contrived that anonymous intimations should be sent to him, representing his ruin as inevitable if he complied with the invitation of his brother. The latter suffered himself to be governed by their suggestions. His letter, replete with insulting menaces, was confided to the care of Hingant, who undertook to deliver it himself at Guildo. They doubted not that all possibility of reconciliation was cut off from the unfortunate Prince; and that, on the perusal of such a letter, he would fly into the most ungarded invectives, which they would not fail to report. The plot succeeded beyond their sanguine expectation. When Hingant arrived at Guildo, he found the Prince in the midst of his English archers. He presented the letter to him: scarce had the Prince read it, than the impetuosity of his character burst forth at once: "What! write to insult me to such a degree! Forget that I am of his blood—that I am a Prince! Yes, he shall see me again—I will fly to him—but with arms in my hand. My rightful revenue has been but too long withheld from me. The English!"—"Ah my lord," exclaimed his wife, "what are you saying? You mean no such thing."—"I swear to it, Madam: in the presence of these brave fellows, I swear that my brother shall not insult me with impunity. And thou," addressing himself to Hingant, "if I consulted my just resentment, I should make thee instantly repent of thy temerity. I know that thou hast the presumption to rank thyself in the number of my enemies. I know that I did affront thee; but I offered thee the most ample reparation. If thou wert not satisfied with that, speak instantly: I am ready to regard thee as the private gentleman only, and will waive every advantage of the Prince."—"Hingant answers with the most flattering expression—"Vile courtier," proceeds the noble-minded, but ill-fated Prince, "do not add meanness to perfidy. I have nothing more to say to thee. Be content with the character of informer. Let the Duke know in what manner I have received his message. Go—fail not to tell him that my resentment is unbounded."

Hingant left the apartment. Alicia runs after him: Believe not the Prince: his desperation distracts him. I know his heart: assure the Duke that he can never forget his loyalty—his affection."—She returns to her lord: she conceals not, she cannot conceal her excessive anguish. Tanguy, Millon, and Brabassu (these two last were attached to the Prince from his infancy) lay before him, with tears in their eyes, all that faithful servants owe to their masters—the truth—"Ah, my lord, to what a passion have you given way! You would then precipitate your own ruin—the ruin of the Princess! Hingant, be assured, has not suffered one of your expressions to escape him. He will report them to your brother, and paint them in the blackest colours. Alas! perhaps it was their wish (for of what are not the wicked capable) to involve you if possible in guilt. The Princess was right: you spoke not the sentiments of your heart. How often have you repeated, that the Duke and your country was dear to you: and that you would shed your blood for the good of your house and of the state. It was not you that spoke—and yet they will judge you from these expressions you have suffered to escape you. You weep!"—"Yes, my friends, you see me weep. My dearest wife, forgive thy lover! That transport of rage could proceed only from my tenderness for thee. Oh, my unhappy temper! Why cannot I subdue it? Into what dangers it involves me! Oh, my friends—My dear Alicia. I reproach myself for it a thousand times more than you can do. But the Duke—do you know that he threatens to dissolve the ties—let them take my life before they tear me from Alicia. The miscreants, how they sport with my irritable temper! How well they know me! Barbarians! they have deprived me of my brother's heart! They have given him their own ignoble and detested souls! I perceive it—I have lost him for ever—I foresee the event. But, Oh, my Alicia, love me still, and I will defy the utmost rigour of misfortune."—He runs to his wife—he folds her to his bosom—he bathes her with his tears: "Ah! how wretched am I! They have forced me to blush for myself."

They take advantage of this ingenuous sorrow. They prevail upon him to write a letter to his brother, pathetically expressive of sensibility and regret. His answer to Hingant he imputed to the violence of his love. He promised to go with his wife to throw himself at the feet of his Sovereign and Brother, whose forgiveness he earnestly implored, and whose affection he reclaimed.

This humiliating step did not disarm the anger of Francis, whom the enemies of the Prince continued incessantly to exasperate. He did not delay to repair to the Court of Charles at Chinan. He indisposed that Monarch towards the Prince, by representing him as the most zealous friend of the King of England, and an unnatural brother, who was on the point of revolting. He mentioned the offer which Henry had made him of the sword of Constable of England; and, at length, he prevailed upon Charles to send a troop of horse to arrest him. The Duke and his base

accomplices had contrived, that this stretch of authority should be exerted by the King of France in order that the prisoner might be regarded, as a state-criminal.

The Duke of Brittany had left the Court of France: the Count of Richmond, displeased with his conduct towards his brother, had not been reserved in his expressions of dissatisfaction, and had even forborne to visit him. He is informed that a conspiracy has been formed against his nephew, the author of which had found means to interest in their plan the King of France. He forthwith repairs to that Monarch: "Am I rightly informed, Sire? The ruin of an unfortunate Prince is in agitation. A brother lifts up his hand against his brother, and meditates his ruin; and shall the protector of persecuted innocence, shall a King of France, countenance such odious proceedings with his sacred support?"

The King loved the Constable; far from being offended at the freedom with which that great man addressed him, he was much affected by his manly, yet pathetic representation. "Noble cousin," said he, you must hasten to countermand my orders. I have sent 400 troopers into Brittany, under the conduct of Admiral Coetivi, who has orders to arrest the Prince at Guildo. They have represented him to me as a seditious spirit, that panted for nothing more ardently than for an opportunity of inviting the English into his country; that, moreover, he detested the French and their Sovereign."—"The King added, that this last circumstance had particularly affected him."—"Sire," answered the Count, astonished at what he heard, "you have been deceived. I know that my nephew loves and reveres you. That he might not be obliged to bear arms against your Majesty, he refused the sword of Constable of England which Henry offered him. What dreadful strokes of calumny are these! I fly to his succour. I will lay him and his comfort at your feet. Sire, you will behold their tears—they shall speak—they assure you themselves how much they are devoted to you."

The Count, profiting of the King's permission, loses not a moment. He repairs with all expedition to the Duke of Brittany, at Dinan. He perceives an air of affliction in the countenance of those, whom he had been accustomed to respect. In the Duke's favorites he beholds the insolence of exultation, and in the Duke himself an evident embarrassment at his appearance. In a word, he learns that the unfortunate Prince is arrested.

Nothing was more certain than this dreadful news. The Prince, as if lulled into the most perfect security, continued to hope that time and his inoffensive conduct, would procure a reconciliation with his brother, engaged in a variety of the most innocent diversions. He was playing at tennis with his Esquires, when intelligence was brought to him that a body of horse were at the Castle gates. As soon as he was informed that these troops came from the King of France, he ordered the gates to be instantly opened. "Welcome, gentleman," said he, while they were yet at a distance; "what news from my dear



uncle?"—What was the answer he received? What did they desire him to peruse—his Majesty's order to arrest him—"Ah!" exclaimed the Prince, with a deep sigh, "I did not expect this stroke from the dearest relation I have." The Admiral takes possession of the keys of the castle, and of all the gold and silver plate, and seizes the person of the Prince. His distracted comfort, all in tears, with Tanguy and his faithful attendants, follow him with a fixed resolution to be the companions of his captivity.

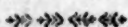
[To be continued.]



#### INHUMANITY.

AT the table of Alexander the Great, Anaxarchus, a stern philosopher, being asked how he liked the entertainment, said, that to make it complete, it only wanted a great man's head in a dish, at the table. This with he evidently pointed at a very worthless neighbor, Nicocreon, ruler of Cyprus, who sat as a guest.

After the death of Alexander, it unluckily chanced that the sage fell into the hands of the tyrant; and Nicocreon, thinking that Anaxarchus, with proper management, would make just as good a dish as himself would have done, ordered him to be pounded to pieces in a mortar—a death which the philosopher underwent with remarkable fortitude, only crying, "Beat, beat, on the outward case of Anaxarchus. Himself thou canst not hurt."



#### EPIGRAM.

HA! some one strikes me! rascal who art thou,  
That cowardly insults an old man's brow,  
Which oft, while young, hath borne the laurel wreath?  
Good ancient sir, be calm; my name is DEATH.



#### TRUE COPY OF A PAINTER'S BILL,

Presented to the Church-Wardens of the Parish of Sidlington, England.

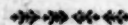
Mr. Charles Ferebee, (Church-warden of Sidlington)

To Joseph Cooke, Dr.

l. s. d.

To mending the Commandments, altering  
the Belief, and making a new Lord's  
Prayer

1 1 0



#### BON MOT,

Made by a Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who did not live one hundred years ago.

THIS gentleman, when he was Attorney General, receiving a client who was very intimate with him, in his study, one morning; the latter observed what a number of wigs were hanging up—"That," (replied the lawyer) is my morning wig," pointing to a scratch—"That my common business wig,—that my chancery wig,—that my House of Lords wig, and that my court wig"—"And where the deuce is your HONEST MAN'S wig?" "Oh! replied the lawyer) that's not PROFESSIONAL."



#### ANECDOTES.

TWO free thinking authors, said a bookseller, when I was a little low in the world, assured me, if I would print their works, they would set me up, and indeed they were as good as their word, for in six weeks after I had published the first thing they sent me, I was set up indeed, but it was in the pillory.

COAL, said an English gentleman the other day to a Frenchman, is scarce in France: It may be so, was the answer, but you must be convinced, that at this time there is no want of FIRE in that country.

AS a pretty large number of culprits were going to take their last degree at Tyburn, the wife of one of them pressed thro the crowd, and told the sheriff she had come to see her poor husband executed, and begged that he might be hanged first in the morning, as she had a great way to go home.

#### EPISTLE FROM THE ABBE DE RANCE TO A FRIEND.

[Continued from our last]

GOD of my life! on that disastrous day,  
I felt, I own'd, thy animating ray;  
Thy hand paternal gave my paags to rest,  
And kindled nobler visions in my breast;  
I saw myself corrupted all within,  
And gaz'd with horror on my daring sin—  
I paus'd on death, on hell's tremendous gloom,  
And vast eternity's unbounded womb:  
I saw the truly good were only blest;  
And all this world, gross vanity at best:  
I saw injustice ev'ry law controul,  
And lust and rapine snare th' unwary soul:  
I saw each passion tend to certain woe;  
And worse than human pride disdain'd to know.  
Scar'd at the view, I fled those scenes of death,  
And gave my soul to him who gave me breath!  
Resolv'd, relign'd, this wild recess I sought,  
With scenes for holy contemplation fraught:  
The rude rough rocks remind me to obey;  
The aged oaks forewarn me of decay:  
And I, who first by vain ambition fir'd,  
Blind youth impell'd, and vanity inspir'd,  
The sober charms of solitude despis'd,  
Nor ought but sin and fustian pleasure priz'd,  
The lewd appointment, and the midnight ball,  
At length find rest and peace within this wall.  
Here flock the train, to whom indulgent heav'n  
The precious gift of penitence has giv'n;  
Those who, with vows, in early youth, betray'd  
To sin, or death, the fond believing maid;  
Allu'd the easy matron's nuptial flame,  
Then spread the tale, and triumph'd in her shame;  
Oppress'd the weak, carous'd in orphan's tears,  
And doom'd to friendless want their helpless years;  
Sapp'd private peace, engender'd public strife,  
And arm'd the hand against a brother's life;  
Bore down each virtue; marr'd each social end;  
And e'en the wretch who wrong'd a trusting friend;  
When closter'd here, felt heaven's inspiring breath;  
Nor fear'd to triumph o'er eternal death.  
For this we strive; long, long ere morn appears  
We rise, we pray, we bathe the ground with tears:  
Then haste to labor; drain the putrid fen,  
Or break th' ungrateful grounds of other men.  
Th' unhedged roots we gather yield us bread:  
The spring's our bev'rage, and the earth our bed.  
When midnight hours to new devotion calls,  
We rise with awe, and bless those rev'rend walls,  
Where saints and martyrs kiss'd the chast'ning rod,  
Despis'd the world, and rested on their God.  
No gilded roofs, no silver lamps appear,  
But one poor torch, yet God himself is here!  
Let Pride unlock Ambition's sanguine springs,  
And wasted nations curse despotic kings;  
No stern alarms this lone retreat infect;  
We live in peace, and peaceful sink to rest.  
In peace! who lov'd like me, and lov'd in vain,  
Must ne'er enjoy that virgin's golden reign:  
Ah no!—she flies corruption's tainted den,  
And sheds her blessed balm on guiltless men!  
When spent with toil, our midnight's pray'r I clofe,  
And for an hour indulge in frail repose,  
Insidious dreams my former years renew,  
And all my Laura rushes to my view!  
My Laura comes! she leads the regal ball,  
Ador'd by thousands, and admir'd by all:  
A hundred sighing nobles bend the knee;  
In vain they bend, her eyes are fix'd on me.  
I grasp her hand; we fly to myrtle groves;  
She smiles—the yields—she answers all my loves:  
I throw my eager arms—she's gone—she's fled—  
And lo! once more the coffin strikes me dead!  
I start—I shriek—I call on heaven to bless,  
And plunge within our forest's last recess:  
My aged head receives the dripping fleet:  
The savage biter wounds my naked feet:  
Unusual horrors chill the sacred grove;  
The springs, the earth, the forest seem to move:  
My spirits faint; my haggard eye-balls swim;  
And cold convulsions rock each tott'ring limb;  
When lo! she passes in a flaming cloud,  
A headless form! and shews the bloody shroud!  
God of my soul, without thy strengthening grace,  
How weak, how poor, how blind is human race!

To sound thy praise ten thousand worlds agree,  
And Nature lifts the grateful long to thee.  
To thee, with awe, the brute creation bends;  
When thunder bursts, and sickly rain descends;  
Obedient to thy will, the rocks and trees  
Now rest in snow, now bless the vernal breeze:  
Yet man, presuming on his glimm'ring scale,  
Rash man alone disclaims thy providence:  
The truth he dare not controvert, denies,  
And 'gainst conviction shuts his ears and eyes.

[To be continued.]



#### THE WOUNDED OFFICER.

THEMISTOCLES had served with distinguished reputation, as a lieutenant in the armies of the United States. An unfortunate wound received at the battle of Germantown compelled him to quit the path of military glory, as he was rendered incapable of any other service than a command in the invalids, which his active military spirit disdained to accept of. The accomplishments of his person, the suavity of his manners, the rectitude of his conduct, tenderly endeared him to all his associates; and had frequently introduced him to the notice of his superiors in rank. The thought of bidding adieu to fame; the idea of parting with beloved companions, rent his feeling bosom with anguish. Affectionately he pronounced a long, a fervent farewell, and departed, (with a trifling pittance in his pocket) to encounter the most mortifying scenes of neglect, such as poverty always brings up in her train. He was a fatherless child, destitute of patrimonial inheritance, and boasted not a farthing, except the distant expectation of half pay. Creation appeared as an immense blank to his agitated mind. Life had lost its charms, or rather he left them behind in the field. His home was far, far distant. He had now spent the last shilling, and was musing on the impossibility of journeying on. A veteran officer, with whom he had served on the lakes, at this moment recognized his features, and begged him to disclose the real cause of his chagrin. Themistocles unboomed himself with candor, and felt happy in a friend who bore witness to his merit and his sufferings. "Your behavior," says the hoary soldier, "always charmed me. Dependence never formed a part of your character. I can assist you in the present hour of your distress, not with money, for, Heaven knows, we continentals are free from the root of evil. Take this letter, my son, it is directed to the amiable Clelia—she is affluent without ostentation, beautiful, without the consciousness of vanity, and unmarried. Remember that you act upon honor—it is, it ought to be, a soldier's all." "My education, the habits of my life, and the independency of a proud soul," replied Themistocles, "oblige me to scorn every ungenerous attempt against female virtue and fortune. As your friend, I shall bear the letter, and hastily rush from the presence of elevated riches." Time insensibly passed away in various converse. The golden orb of light was just sinking beneath the horizon when he mounted his horse. Twenty miles are easily coursed in a few hours; about ten at night Themistocles arrived, and delivered the friendly epistle. The amiable Clelia, who had no one to controul her conduct, as she lived by herself, attended only by two servants, earnestly requested the wearied stranger to tarry; and tho' excessive prudery may censure the step, as unbecoming female delicacy, let it be remarked, that spotless innocence never turns hospitality adrift. The penniless pilgrim accepted her kind invitation, and was shown by the man servant to an elegant chamber. In a few moments he returned for the candle, and locked the door on the outside. Themistocles thought very odd of the treatment, but as most ladies are plagued with visionary fears, he regarded it as an injunction from Clelia; and, by no means wishing to give her a moment's pain, submitted to become a prisoner for the night, without murmuring. Something, however, whispered that there was an unrevealed meaning in all this. He therefore drew out his pocket pistols, and, examining their contents, laid them close at hand. Various ideas kept his wakeful mind on the rack. He never closed an eye. The house clock had struck four—nature was silent as the grave. Themistocles turned round, in order to compose himself, and saw, through the key hole, a glimmering light. It startled him. At the same minute he heard Clelia shriek. He sprang from the bed, grasped his pistols, flew through the panel of the door, and, without farther enquiry, shot the villain dead, as he was endeavoring to retreat. Upon examination, it proved to be the man servant who had so carefully locked him in.



The mother had formed a design to murder and rob his mothering infants. Clelia returned the most grateful acknowledgements to her providential deliverer. He received them with that modest dignity which accompanies true merit. After breakfast he rose, respectfully bowed, expressed his happiness in preferring to inflexible a life, and prepared to depart. The beautiful Clelia blushed, she hesitated, and faltering pronounced, "May the existence you saved be ever worthy of that place in your affections, which sensibility has indelibly graven on my heart." The wounded officer had his foot in the stirrup. Complaisance obliged him to answer. Nothing is more impolite than to address a lady, when you are one inch off a level with the fair. He dismounted. The preliminaries were settled by mutual love; and Themistocles and Clelia are happy as virtue and riches can make them.

## SATURDAY, February 3, 1798.

WE are informed that the house of Greenville Temple, Esq. at Richmond hill, a few miles from this city, was on Tuesday morning feloniously entered by ten villains, who tied the servants, and plundered the house of valuables, to the amount of between 2 and 3000 dollars. A reward of 500 dollars is offered for discovering the robbers. That there is a hopeful gang about this city, will more satisfactorily appear from the following

### DARING ROBBERY.

Monday morning, about 2 o'clock, a daring robbery and burglary was committed at the house at Bellevue. Mr. Fisher, the keeper of the house, arose at the alarm, and while descending the stairs was fired on, and then knocked down. He saw five men, four of whom were blacked, and the fifth with a white frock over his head. The villains took Mr. Fisher up stairs, beat his wife, and then tied them together by the neck. They placed a guard over an old man who was lying in another room, and then proceeded to ransack the house of what ever cash they could find, with several articles of value, such as silver spoons, clothing, &c. They were all armed with swords and pistols.

Extract of a letter to a Merchant in this city, dated Basseterre (Gundaloupe) 5th January.

"We have been alarmed here, by a revolt of the Negroes but they are conquered and several hundred shot.

"American vessels are daily brought in, and condemned; the plea for condemnation, is their being bound to British ports. Vessels here have been under embargo since the 25th of December.

"Prices of provisions are as follows:

Beef,	10 dollars,
Pork, from 16 to 18	do.
Flour, 9	do.

Butter, Lard and Cheese would not fetch more than 9d. this currency."

Capt Meany of the brig Rose, lately arrived from the Ile of France, informs, that previous to his departure from thence, accounts had been received there by an American gentleman from Madras, that about the 20th September last, two expeditions were fitted out of Bengal. That immediately after their departure, they met with a very severe gale of wind, in which three of the largest transports belonging to one of the squadrons, having on board all the ammunition and military stores, together with 700 troops, were totally lost, which obliged them to relinquish the expedition. One of the squadrons, it was supposed, was destined against Batavia; the other against the Manilla. The remainder of the squadron which had suffered in the storm, had returned to Bengal--the other had proceeded to the place of its destination. In the same gale an American ship, name not known, was lost in the mouth of the river Ganges, bound in--and every soul on board perished.

The following article is taken from the Washington Gazette, printed the 20th ult.

"Yesterday morning the wife of Matthew Hart of this city was found dead. It is by many supposed that she fell from her chair into the fire, and having no one to help her was burnt to death; whether this was the case or not, I will not pretend to determine--but it is a fact, she was found dead on the hearth, and was suffered to lay full seven hours after she was found: And although her death was known, with the circumstance of the appearance to

one of the magistrates of the city, yet no steps have been taken to make examination or enquiry. She was suffered to lay like a dead horse--to be eaten by dogs, (she is not yet buried). Is it not shameful that circumstances of this kind should happen within the United States; among a people who think they are the most civilized of any in the world. In a State, the most free of any in the union, were it not for slaves, and in a city which is to be the Sun of Light.

On the 20th ult. Capt. Phelps, of Lebanon, N. H. with his wife and daughter, in a sleigh, travelling upon the ice on Connecticut River, unfortunately fell in; and, painful to tell, his wife and only daughter were drowned! the body of the former could not be found. The sleigh and horses, with a portmanteau of specie, went under the ice.

### PHILADELPHIA, January 29.

Arrived in town, Capt. Harding Williams, from Gaudaloupe (via Norfolk) who informs, that about 136 sail of French privateers are fitted out at Gaudaloupe, none of which rate higher than 18 guns, having instructions to take all American vessels they meet with, bound to or coming from British ports, and send them in for trial. These cruizers have taken some Americans bound to the ports of Caracas, St. Thomas's, and St. Bartholomew's. Several American prizes were at Point-Peter, and 5 sail dune at St. Martin's and Eustatia, the names of which Capt. Williams could not obtain.

### January 31.

A melancholy accident happened in this city yesterday afternoon, which we trust will operate as a caution to persons using the present fashionable amusement of sleighing, particularly in the city. A party of gentlemen were riding along Front near Pine street, when their horses took fright, and ran off, the gentlemen threw themselves out of the sleigh without receiving any particular injury, but the horses ran upon the foot pavement with the sleigh, and killed one woman and very much injured another.

### INFORMATION.

#### DON CARLOS MARTINEZ DE YRUJO,

Knight of the Royal and distinguished order of Charles the Third, his Catholic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America.

Whereas the government of Caracas has opened the ports of said province for the importation in Neutral bottoms of certain articles of provisions and dry goods, (agreeable to the list deposited with his Catholic Majesty's Consul General in this city, and with all other Spanish Consuls throughout the United States) under the express condition that the returns of said articles are to be in produce of that province. Now, therefore, I do hereby give this public notice, in order that such persons as may be inclined to trade to Caracas may avail themselves thereof, informing them at the same time, that it will be absolutely necessary to be furnished with a passport from me, for those vessels which sail from Philadelphia, or from his Catholic Majesty's Consuls in the other ports of the United States.

Given under my hand in Philadelphia, the 27th day of January, 1798.

(Signed) DON CARLOS MARTINEZ DE YRUJO.

### MONTEGO-BAY, (Jama.) December 2.

Arrived, the American brig Nancy, Moulton, from Salem, in 36 days.

On the passage, Capt. Moulton, was boarded by his majesty's sloop Bittern, which he supplied with some articles they were in want of. After the purser had paid Capt. Moulton for the supplies he had furnished, the Capt. of the Bittern sent his boat on board the Nancy, with the following information in writing:

"Tortola, Nov. 3, 1797.

"News is just received from windward, that St. Vincent had destroyed Cadiz; and the Spaniards put fire to their fleet and arsenals.

"At sea, on board his majesty's ship Bittern, 17th Nov. 1797, lat. 20, 21, long. 63, 30."

ERRATA in the Address on the Birth Day of General WASHINGTON, in our paper of the 6th ult.

In the 3d paragraph, for "far from stripping" read "far out-stripping."

In the last paragraph, for "Till lost in time with all Eternity," read "Till lost with time in vast Eternity."

## COURT of HYMEN.

HAIL! every pair whom love unites  
In HYMEN's pleasing ties;  
That endless source of pure delights,  
That blessing of the wife!

### MARRIED

On Saturday the 20th ult. Mr. G. O. LANSING, to Miss CATLINA SCHERMERHORN, both of Schodack.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. ROBERT BULLIOT, Printer, to Miss JANE KIR, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. WILLIAM MINUGH, to Miss MARIA RADAN both of this city.

## NEW THEATRE.

The Public are respectfully informed, that during the remainder of the season, previous to benefits, there will be four performances each week. Nights--Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

### THIS EVENING WILL BE PRESENTED

A celebrated Comedy, called,

### A Cure for the Heart-Ache.

To which will be added, the Musical After-Piece, of

### The Poor Soldier.

Places for the Boxes, will be let every Day, at the Old Office, in John-Street, from Ten to One, and on the Play Day, from Three to Four in the Afternoon.

Subscribers will be made acquainted with the Mode adopted for their Admission, by Application at the Box Office.

The Offensive Practice to Ladies, and dangerous one to the House, of Smoking Segars during the Performance, it is hoped every Gentleman will consent to an absolute Prohibition of

Ladies and Gentlemen, will please to direct their servants to Set Down, with their Horses Heads towards the New Brick Meeting, and Take Up with their Heads towards Broad-Way.

The future Regulations, respecting the taking of Seats, will be placed in the Box Office, for general Information.

Doors will open at Five, and the Curtain rise at a quarter after Six o'clock.

VIVAT REPUBLICA.

## At H. Caritat's Circulating Library,

PEARL STREET, NO. 93.

WILL be sold this morning, at one shilling a piece, the new Catalogue of his Library, containing beyond 1200 nos. which form about 4000 vols. and fill up 64 pages, on account of its accuracy respecting either the titles, nature, merit or form of the works as well as the names of their authors. In order to understand the full improvement of the whole, H. Caritat begs of his friends, to consider that of the books contained in the Catalogue of the Library he formerly bought, the greatest part he either never had, or that they were imperfect, or worn out. It is therefore by every exertion in his power, that he availed himself of the means this place could afford to form a good collection, having expunged of the old one with the greatest severity what could give no satisfaction to his subscribers. He has likewise already provided himself with a sufficient number of duplicates, so that at the ensuing season the subscribers in town may not suffer from those in the country, which last he will endeavor to accommodate on the most easy terms; and as now for a further rapid and steady improvement, he cannot entirely depend on the occasional importation of books in this city.

H. Caritat from this period will have a direct correspondence with London, in order first to get what he could not find here, and to have for the future, regularly and speedily forwarded to him, every thing new that may suit his customers.





## COURT of APOLLO.

From the VERMONT GAZETTE.

### AN ORIGINAL SONG, ON MATRIMONY.

Tune---POOR JACK.

**G**O chat to old maids and to prudes do you see  
About dangers in love and the like,  
A trim yankee lad and good neighbors give me,  
And to nature and duty I'll strike:  
What though among logs we encamp for a while  
And both tumble brush in a heap,  
Homely fare will grow handsome enrich'd by a smile,  
And labour will lull us to sleep.  
Ava! and don't tell us a girl should be coy,  
When honor emboldens the swain,  
And Capid that dear little chit of a boy,  
Waits to light her to Hymen's domain.  
I heard my good gran'am pallaver one day  
About flaunting young girls in their teens,  
That 'twas best to keep boys from such creatures away!  
What a deuce is it grand mother means!  
Let her tend to her beads and her prayer books well,  
After giving due lectures of care:  
And I'll seek a good home where her dotage may dwell,  
And attend to a progeny fair:  
This is right!--for though Paradise yielded its sweets,  
And young ADAM had rational powers;  
Tell me,---is he quite blest with a thing that he meets,  
Till he meets with Miss EVE in the bowers?  
If blest mediocrity graces our state,  
And the brush has been burnt by our fires  
Let gratitude urge ev'ry lad with his mate,  
To work hard on the lot he acquires:  
Tis the frame of the mind that gives worth to estate,  
Constant culture is needful to love,  
And to ward off the blows are impending by fate,  
We must seek for advice from above;  
Thus passion's well pois'd and asperities eas'd,  
Each guarding excess from within,  
The bridegroom and bride will forever be pleas'd  
And calm, con. the unpar'd'nable fin.  
If the first grade of life is our happy estate,  
And the best gifts of fortune our lot,  
Let us strive to illumine the gloom of hard fate,  
And enliven the hovel and cot:  
'Tis better, say preachers, to give than receive,  
And the rich should attend to the strain,  
Bid self to lie dormant---the precept believe,  
Cheer the sad, and have pity on Pain:  
Thus the wisdom of Providence widely display'd,  
Content, joy and love shall abound,  
Cementing, cemented we'll give and get aid,  
'Till old Sol shall forget to run round.

W. PALMER,

### Japanner and Ornamental Painter,

**H**AS removed from the corner, opposite the Federal Hall, to no. 106 Pearl-street, corner of the Old-slip where he continues to carry on the

### Fancy Chair, and Cornice Business.

Has some of the newest London Patterns, also a number of Fancy Chairs upon hand, which he will sell on the lowest possible terms.

N. B. Gilding, Varnishing, and Sign Painting executed in the neatest manner, and shortest notice. May 27.

S. LOYD,

**R**ESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public that she continues to carry on the STAY and MANTUA MAKING BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where she hopes for the continuance of those favors which will be her constant endeavors to deserve. 148

## MORALIST.

**R**EFLECTIONS upon past indiscretions are only to be encouraged when we propose to avail ourselves, for the future, of prior miscarriages: otherwise such reviews serve to gall the mind, and render us unfit for the general duties and offices of life. They are like to the false pangs of parturiency, which diminish the strength and preclude the birth; and, therefore, like all such impotent throes, they ought to be opiated as fast as you can. But sometimes it happens that they are resistive to such prescriptions.---When this is the case they require a different treatment. Change the smile and compare these painful thoughts to instructors, who are not to be prevailed upon by tender usage, but who require force to expel them your house.---Fairly give them battle.---A resolute and firm opposition, with a thorough determination to give them no future causes of triumph, will infallibly weaken their forces, procure a complete victory, and in the end regain peace to your poor distracted breast.

### For Sale by Daniel Hitchcock,

No. 79 GOLD-STREET,

**W**ILD Cherry Joist, Boards, and Plank, of the first quality; Boilthead Boards, and Joist; Beach, Birch, Witewood and Maple Joist; Maple, Ash, and White-wood Plank; 1-2 inch Whitewood Boards; clear and common White-Pine Boards; clear and common White-Pine 1 1-2 inch Plank; 2 inch Pine Plank; 1-2 inch wide and narrow Pine Boards, and common Scantling.

N. B. The above stuff seasoned fit for immediate use.  
Aug. 26, 1797. 78---tf.

### JOHN VANDER POOL, Sign Painter, Gilder, &c.

No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Coenties-Slip.

**H**AS for sale, Window glass and Putty, a general assortment of PAINTS, Linseed-Oil, Paint Brushes, Limners Tools, Gold and Silver Leaf, with a great variety of Camel's Hair Pencils, Cheap for Cash, or approved notes.  
Aug. 6 83---tf.

## EDUCATION.

**T**HE subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he has opened a DAY and EVENING SCHOOL at no. 6 Hague-street, directly opposite the Friends Meeting-House, in Pearl-street, where he teaches the following branches of Education, viz, the Greek, Latin and English languages, Writing, Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Geography and Navigation. Having devoted many years to the arduous profession of a Teacher, during which time he has prepared a number of young Gentlemen for admission into Columbia College, he takes the liberty of referring such persons, as may wish to be informed with respect to his success in tuition, to the President and Professors of that Seminary.

JAMES HARDIE.

N. B. As Mr. Hardie is determined to devote his whole time to the duties of his profession, such young Gentlemen as may find it inconvenient to attend at the Day or Evening Schools, may be instructed in any of the above branches, at such hours as they may find most convenient.

Just Received, and for sale by J. Harrison, Peck-Slip,

HAMILTON'S

### Family Female Physician:

OR,

### A TREATISE

ON THE MANAGEMENT

OF

FEMALE COMPLAINTS,

AND OF

Children in Early Infancy.

A young Woman of good connections and character, wishing to learn the Mantua-Making Business, will hear of a place by enquiring at this Office.

JOHN HARRISON

Has constantly for sale at his Book Store, in Peck Slip, a collection of the latest and most approved

## NOVELS,

AMONG WHICH ARE THE FOLLOWING:

ITALIAN, or the Confessional of the Black Penitents, Trials of the Human Heart, Knights of the Swan, Camilla, or a Picture of Youth, Voluntary Exile, (2 vols) by Mrs Parsons, Robert and Adela, or the Rights of Women maintained by the Sentiments of Nature, Infidelity, or the Victim of Sentiment, Cecilia, or Memoirs of an Heiress, House of Tynian, Mylic Cottage of Chamouny, Evelina, or a young lady's entrance into the world, Coquette, or History of Eliza Wharton, by a lady of Massachusetts,

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